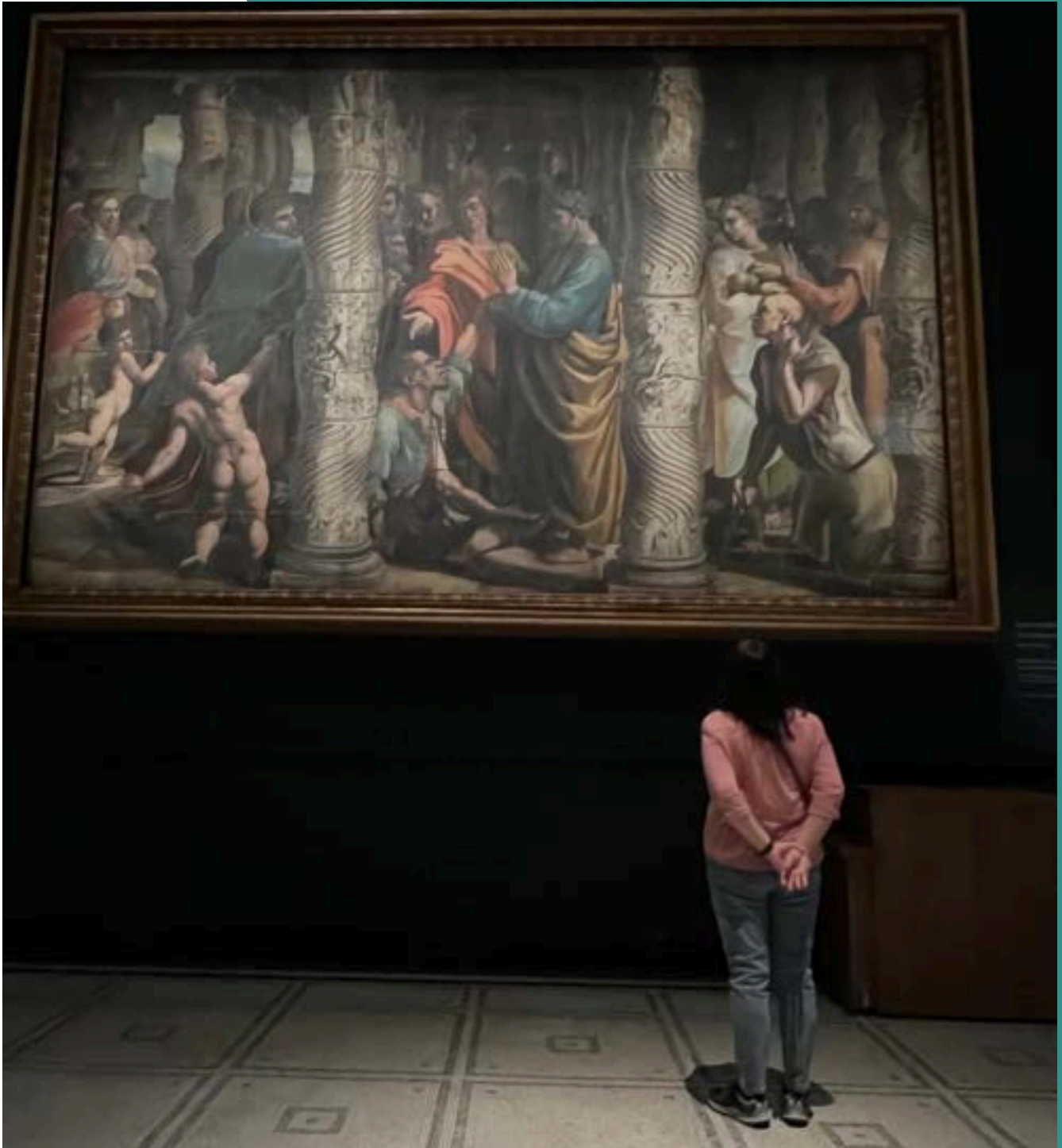
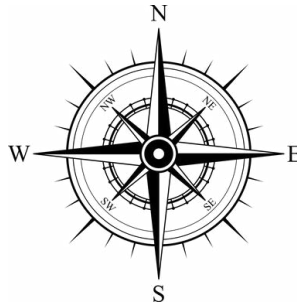

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THE GLOBAL REVIEW



A STUDY ABROAD JOURNAL



EDITOR'S NOTES

The Global Review is dedicated to chronicling and sharing the creative outcomes of student study abroad experiences through photography, creative nonfiction, poetry, and other artistic mediums. We believe that a creative lens encourages students to look more closely at the personal impacts of their studies abroad and helps them to discover new perspectives. *The Global Review* is meant to celebrate the ways that traveling fuels learning, empathy, cultural awareness, and creativity. We hope this publication encourages those who have studied abroad to further reflect on their experiences and inspires those who have not studied abroad to do so. Though the journal was founded by Southern Utah University's Office of Learning Abroad, the opportunity for publication is open to anyone who has taken part in a study abroad program outside of their home country.

The journal is published every September.

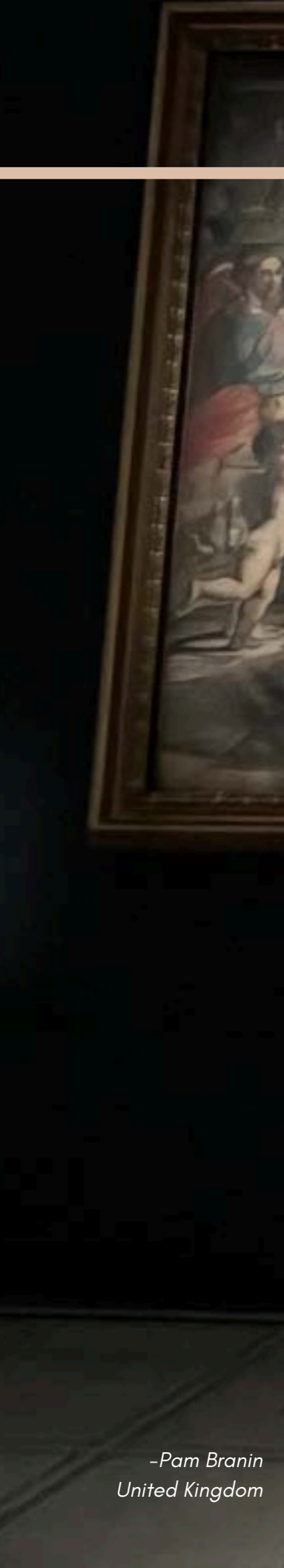
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*Edinburgh Castle
-Jeb Branin
United Kingdom*



2023 London Art Immersion Reflections

As I explored the Tate Britain in London I came into a large room that had a number of Francis Bacon paintings exhibited. There was no one else in the room except one of the students in our group. She was sitting on a bench, her head bowed and looking at the floor. I had been worried about this particular student during our trip together as the many miles of walking had taken its toll on her physically, and I was concerned about her being able to participate fully with the rest of the tour. I asked her if she was ok and she quietly told me how for many years the works of Francis Bacon had made a tremendous impact on her artistic development. She told me that she had come from a difficult background and art was her way of grappling with the complexities of life. Francis Bacon had been one of her artistic heroes along her journey and seeing the works in person, not on her phone or a book, had moved her in a way she could barely express. She said that moment made the trip for her - it made everything worth it to get there. She stayed in that room for some time, and later came out of the museum with a beaming smile.

The 2023 London Art Immersion Tour provided art and design students exposure to some of the world's finest museums, design studios and historical sites as well as enjoying the deep culture and diversity of London. This type of experiential learning dramatically expanded the artistic and historical perspectives of each student. As my student expressed, this type of trip connected students to the masters of art and design and provided transformational experiences.

This tour consisted of 15 art and design students from Southern Utah University, from February 24 to March 4, 2023. I had coordinated and designed the itinerary and was joined by Jeffrey Hanson, our department chair. Upon arrival in London, not surprisingly, the weather was gray and chilly, but for the next 10 days we ignored the cold and toured some of the following:

- Westminster Abbey
- National Art Gallery
- Buckingham Palace
- Tower of London
- Borough Food Market
- St. Paul's Cathedral
- Windsor Castle
- British Museum
- VML Y&R Creative Agency
- St. Bride's Library
- V&A Museum
- Royal Botanical Gardens
- Stonehenge





In addition to the daily itinerary, each evening was free for the students, as well as a free day at the end of the visit for students to do as they please. By the end of the week they were confident in getting around and using public transport to enjoy their free time and explore as they wished.



Tours such as this really are immersive - we walk and take public transport everywhere, we stay in hostels and only eat local. We all came away with a broader perspective that comes from seeing, tasting and enjoying the best of London

-Christopher Graves, United Kingdom



- Abigail Jones



“I loved studying abroad. I wish everyone got to experience it!”

- Abigail Jones, Germany

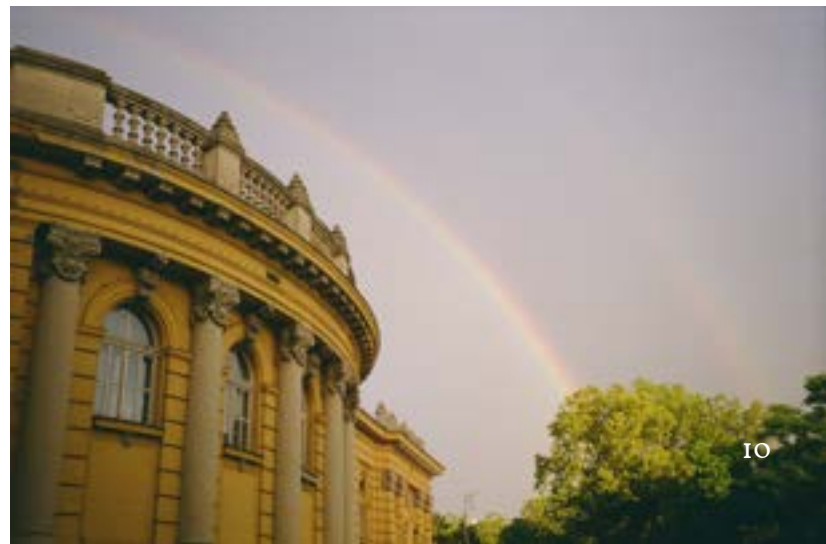


All Who Have Seen

Stonehenge, a great monolithic structure, has held my fascination for years. Since I was a child, I always had the goal in mind to visit Stonehenge in person and see the site. This year, for study abroad I was able to visit Stonehenge and see the great structure in person. I stood in awe. The history of this site is priceless. I walked where others walked. I saw what others saw. I stood where history was made, a place that will continue influencing the future as time progresses.

Standing tall, at the edge of a field,
Stands a great monolithic structure,
Its history, revealed.
A long time ago, great men did arise,
And built the huge structure,
Their heads held to the sky.
The intent was clear, these stones would stand still,
And brave many storms,
So I could get my fill.
In your presence, I am filled with respect,
Stonehenge, my beloved,
You were oh so perfect.

*-Gwendolyn Williams,
United Kingdom*



HIStory

What was the most significant event in history?

This question fills my mind as I close my eyes against the bright sunshine, an uncommon occurrence in south London. The light rays warm my skin, golden sheets wrapping over my arms and face under a blanket of humidity. Birds call out across the grounds and bees hum around the lilac bushes nearby. The sweet smells of grass and the pale purple flowers tickle my nose; I belatedly remember that I'd forgotten to take my allergy medicine that morning.

What is the most significant event in history?

Rome, 2 weeks earlier. My steps fall heavy in the Vatican museum. 25,000+ steps for the past 4 days in a row are starting to add up, and it translates to the most intense burning in the soles of my feet and fronts of my shins, despite my supportive footwear.

At least it isn't raining today, I muse.

Finally, we enter the room we've all been waiting for. Dark lighting matches dark wood. Bodies stand wall to wall, and despite constant hushing from the security officers, an excited buzz echoes off the chapel walls. Though not the flashiest artwork I've seen this trip, not by a long shot, it speaks to me. Sistine testifies of God's fingerprint. Adam's hand outstretched, reaching for Divinity. A longing for home and family and exaltation, despite the separation of his current circumstances. A desire to return.

This is what a yearning for reconciliation looks like.

Florence, 2 days later. The morning's chocolate croissant has worn off rather quickly in the musty stone staircase as we spiral upward incessantly. (Remembering it makes me dizzy.) The burning in my lungs and labored breaths aren't easy to ignore, though my legs have finally adjusted to all of the walking. I wore my hair down and the humidity begins to do its work, slowly curling each strand into a frizzy mess.

We finally reach the upper level of the Duomo, and even though intellectually I know the view of the city from the tower will be incredible, the scene before me is breathtaking in an entirely different way. I instantly recognize the book of Revelation unfolding in circular fashion above my head, though the scene is so big I can't take everything in all at once. It's interesting, the chapel below and the prophecy above, contrasting the stories of old with modern worship.

The past, present, and future existing all in one moment.

Paris, the city of lights, glows with a radiance I've never seen. Though it shouldn't, the cleanliness of downtown is a surprise compared to the stories I've heard. Everyone here is already preparing for the Olympics. The pastries and crepes are heavenly, making up for the rest of the food being a letdown compared to authentic Italian cuisine.

Another day means another museum pass, and after wandering through Versailles I'm in search of something unique and different. It's hard to distinguish each location from the other in my head because they all start to look the same; even the Louvre begins to run together with the Musée d'Orsay. I scan my pass and opt for the Île de la Cité, knowing we will see the Eiffel Tower and Arc de Triomphe later in the day. We cross a bridge over the Seine with hundreds of other tourists in a cacophony of languages and smells.

Sainte-Chappelle looks dull and dismal on the outside as it stands next to the Palace of Justice; uneven cobblestone giving way to gothic grey gargoyles and spires against a grey sky, not unlike Notre Dame. I check my watch. It looks like we have just enough time to walk through yet another church before we meet the group for lunch. Rolling my aching shoulders back, I scan my ticket and enter the first floor. Mildly impressed, though not totally amused, I quickly glance through the architecture and head for the stairs to the second floor.

I am dazzled. I am speechless. This, this is the most stunning piece of art I've seen in my life. Red, blue, green, yellow, and purple stained glass intricately weave through dozens of panes on every wall of the room. The attention to detail is meticulous, each face in the hundreds of tiny scenes cared for. I'm drawn to a garden scene to my left, and startled, begin to piece together the big picture. The side walls are scenes from the Old Testament: Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Esther, the kings of Israel. The back wall boasts a circular pane: the rose of the Apocalypse. Front and center, exactly as it should be, is a depiction of Christ's passion, from His arrest to Pentecost.

This is the story of the world.

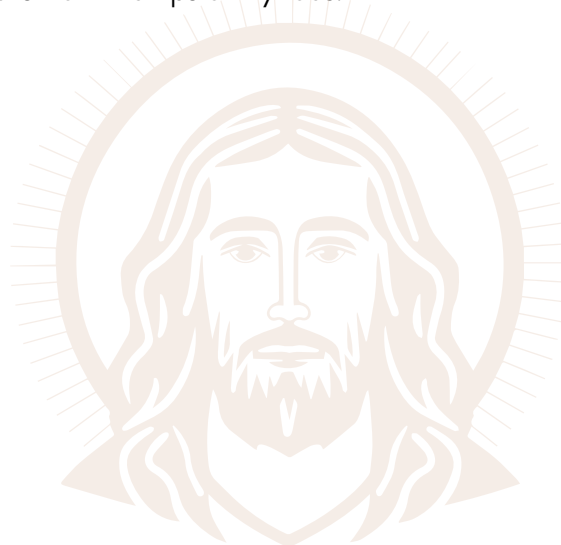
And then, it hits me. I open my eyes, back in the present, sitting in the grass in London. Behind my pupils, a dozen scenes play in rapid succession. The clocks in the British Museum with tiny tableaus of miracles recorded in the Gospels. The doors of the Baptistery at Santa Maria Del Fiore. The cross at the Coliseum entrance. The painting of the Wedding at Cana hanging in stark contrast to the tiny Mona Lisa. The churches and temples and relics and statues I've seen on every corner in every city I've been to in the world.

The most important event in history is His story. The birth, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

My heart expands and warms as I think about Jesus as the common thread that connects us all, every person from every country who has ever lived. Of everything I've seen, He is the most prominent, the most repeated, the most revered. His story is compelling because it's not fictional, it's real. He can provide real salvation, real power, and real healing to all who believe on His name. The weight of that truth settles in my ribcage and gratitude swells from the tips of my toes.

His story is our story.

*-Ashlee Humphries,
United Kingdom*



Meu Propósito

In Lisbon's heart, where golden sunsets kiss,
A tapestry of beauty softly weaves,
Pastel hues embrace each cobbled street's bliss,
Where ancient tales still whisper through the leaves.

From Belem's tower to Alfama's grace,
The city's soul in fado's notes reside,
With saudade's touch, emotions interlace,
In labyrinthine alleys, dreams abide.

The Tagus flows, an elegant blue thread,
As castle walls preserve this sacred space,
Where azulejos tell tales widely spread,
Of sailors' voyages and love's embrace.
It is Lisbon's charm that I long to share,
This is my purpose, se Deus quiser.

*-Hayden Coombs,
Portugal*





-Zay Davis,
Japan



Ode to South Korea

Life can feel like a movie if we make ourselves open to the unsuspecting and unfamiliar. What a privilege to live in such a global age. With a million doors now open, we just have to choose which one we're willing to walk through.

Every new place I go, I am reminded how a life can be built anywhere. Upon arriving in Seoul and Chung-Ang University, I knew nothing and no one. Flash forward 5 months later, I can't count all the new friendships I've made on both hands.

Going on a study abroad cultivates in you a confidence that community can be found in every corner of the world. Home has a new definition. Each person I meet and place I go adds meaning and depth to my life.

It's priceless.

I wrote this poem *[next page]* as an ode to my days here and the wonderful memories it will always have given me.

-Elsa Christiansen,
South Korea



Ode to South Korea

Bitter winds and heat waves.
Humidity turns its dial of intensity ablaze.

From rooftops, the city turns into a sea.
Lights from every angle as I spin a full 360.

Cherry blossoms, dusted pink, fall like snow, but in spring.
With convenience store ice cream, we talk on inner city park swings.

Silent, our legs gently touching, we sit side by side.
The sun sets on a golden, glittering ocean.
It's a moment I sense I'll ache for again, so I attempt to live in slow motion.

The old woman tells me I'm pretty,
The old man says I speak the language well,
The bus driver objects to my laughing, another says annyeonghaseyo,
I smile disposed to the city's spell.

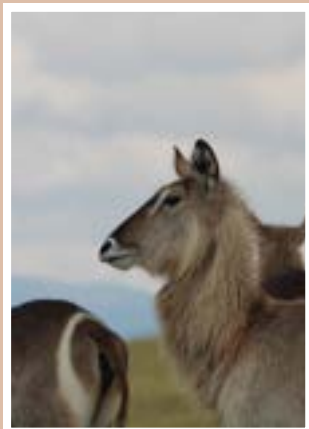
Subways. Museums. Bookstores. Rivers. Picnics.
Waking up in a forest.
Steaming hot rice and metal chopsticks.

I squeeze my eyes and see flashes of moments, desperate to relive each one.
It's hard to imagine anything will be the same after everything is done.

*-Elsa Christiansen,
South Korea*



-Sophie Erickson
South Africa





*Oxford University
--Jordanelle Mugridge,
United Kingdom*

Se Deus Quiser

A cultural immersion trip to Lisbon, Portugal that took four years of planning.

“Se Deus quiser,” is a common Portuguese phrase that means, “God willing.”

Although it’s defined as a hopeful response, it’s typically used as a way respond without accepting responsibility for an outcome.

“Do you think Sporting will beat Benfica in tonight’s game?” Se Deus quiser.

“Do you want to go on a date tonight?” Se Deus quiser.

“You better get straight A’s this semester.” Se Deus quiser.

I first learned this phrase as an LDS missionary back in 2007 when I asked someone if they’d like to go to church with us.

“Se Deus quiser,” the man said, as he walked away from me, never to be seen again.

All these years later, I remain convinced that “Se Deus quiser” may be the most powerful spoken statement on planet Earth. It boasts so much potential, but without any personal responsibility for one’s actions. If only I had known of its power while I was growing up.

“Se Deus quiser,” is also a perfect summation of our experience planning and executing a week-long cultural immersion experience for SUU students in 2023.

Shortly after the Spring 2019 semester began, I was leaving the bookstore when Jonathan Holiman passed by and casually asked if I had a passport. I responded that I did and asked what was up. He



said he was leading a week-long cultural immersion trip to Bogota, Colombia over spring break and hoped I could go with him to provide some backup. Needless to say, I was happy to be the second leader on the trip as I had never been to South America.

The trip to Colombia was a resounding success. We had an amazing group of students and enjoyed many of Colombia's iconic sites and experiences. But more importantly, I witnessed firsthand how beneficial an experience abroad was for the students.

On the flight home, I went on the attack and cornered Jonathan. I told him about the two years I spent in Portugal as an LDS missionary and why Lisbon would be the perfect place for a cultural immersion trip. Jonathan, who had already led study abroad trips to Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa, was on board, which I suspect was because he would enjoy the trip and the students for once, while someone else worried about the proposal, planning, and arranging.

As soon as I got back on campus, I got to work planning every minute and detail of a beneficial cultural immersion experience. I had activities for all seven days, tentative flight plans, in-country travel, and even group meals all figured out. I studied the subway maps, familiarized myself with the bus schedule, and dusted off my Portuguese dictionary.

Faster than I could've imagined, our trip was planned, booked, and filled for Spring Break 2020.

That's right, Spring of 2020.



I'll spare you the details, but just about a week before we were set to depart, that pesky coronavirus started popping up all over Europe.

"Do you think you'll be able to go still," my wife asked.

"Se Deus quiser," I responded (in my head).

With just five days until we were to fly out, the trip got canceled. Then two days later, the rest of the Spring semester was moved online.

No matter, we can just go next year, right? Se Deus quiser.

Jonathan and I spent the next three years waiting for the right time - a safe time - to execute our cultural immersion trip. I recall sitting in Jonathan's office as we planned this trip for a fourth time when Jonathan said, "I'm so pumped it's finally happening!"



It's finally happening... se Deus quiser.

When the day finally came to depart, rainstorms caused flights in Texas to be delayed. That, unfortunately, set off a chain reaction of cancellations, delays, and rebookings across the country. Fortunately for our party, we only had to deal with a few extended layovers and getting split into three different travel groups. As stressful as connecting flights through an international airport can be, nothing could deter us after four years of planning.

The travel highlight for many students came as we were getting off our plane from Las Vegas to Dallas, when a voice came

over the intercom that announced our flight to Spain would close the door in 10 minutes. Not a huge deal, as we were only about half of a mile away, we'd just need to walk briskly to make it. I got about halfway to the gate when I remembered one of our students was on crutches because of a broken ankle, so I grabbed a vacant wheelchair, ran back to find the student, and sprinted as fast as I could to make our connecting flight. It made for a sweaty and uncomfortable flight over the Atlantic Ocean, but I'm happy to report that we all made it in time. Many of our students even found the time to record me furiously running through the airport while pushing their classmate.

Although it took longer than expected, all of our party arrived within a few hours of each other, and we retired to our flat for much-needed showers and rest.

Sunday, February 26, was our first day of activities. With the travel stress finally behind us, we set off for the Baixa district of downtown Lisbon. Immediately as I stepped out of our flat, I was hit with a flood of emotions, as Portugal is truly hallowed ground to me. Sharing a country and its culture that are so dear to me is one of the most special moments of my life.

The Baixa district is the most central and renowned neighborhood in Lisbon. It is safe, heavy on shops and tourist activities, and has an easy-to-find subway station, so this is where we decided to be our central point to meet up to start our activities or if anyone got lost.

Baixa was one of the regions of Lisbon that was destroyed in a massive earthquake in the eighteenth century. When it was rebuilt by the Marquis of Pombal, it was adorned with the most beautiful tiles (the iconic blue azulejos) and cobblestone designs. Baixa is also home to many of Lisbon's iconic sights, including the





Praça do Comércio, Rossio Square, the Arco da Rua Augusta, the Elevador de Santa Justa, and some of the best gelado on the planet.

There are enough sights and museums in this district alone to fill a week-long trip, so we all agreed that we'd return to Baixa in the evenings after spending our days exploring other parts of Portugal.

Over the next few days, we fully immersed ourselves in Portuguese culture. We traveled all over Lisbon, visiting the districts of Belém, Alfama, Bairro Alto, Chiado, and the Parque das Nações. We avoided pizza and fast food, instead opting for traditional Portuguese cuisine like Bacalhau à Brás, Pastéis de Belém, Caldo Verde, Francesinhas, and Sardnhas Assadas.

Bacalhau à Brás is a dish made from shreds of salted cod (bacalhau), onions, thinly chopped fried potatoes, and garnished with black olives. Caldo Verde is a soup made of shredded cabbage, similar to collard greens, potatoes, and plenty of olive oil and garlic, as necessitates most Portuguese cuisine.

But everyone's favorite food was the famed Pastel de Belém. Pastéis de Belém are a type of egg custard tart pastry that is dusted with powdered sugar and cinnamon. While we were in line buying pastries by the dozens, a news crew entered the shop and interviewed Jonathan's wife about the pastries because they were recently named the best dessert in the world (according to the interviewer).



We also visited important Portuguese heritage sights, such as the Torre de Belém, the Padrão dos Descobrimentos, the Mosteiro dos Jerónimos, and the Castelo de São Jorge.

The Torre de Belém is a 16th-century tower that served as a point of embarkation and disembarkation for Portuguese explorers and as a ceremonial gateway to Lisbon. It was built during the height of the Portuguese Renaissance, and in 1983 was named a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

The Mosteiro dos Jerónimos is a former monastery of the Order of Saint Jerome. The monastery is one of the most prominent examples of the late Portuguese Gothic Manueline style of architecture in Lisbon. It

was erected in the early 1500s near the launch point of Vasco da Gama's first journey. Many of the most famous and influential Portuguese leaders are buried here, including Vasco da Gama himself. It was also classified as a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1983.

The Castelo de São Jorge is the historic castle that overlooks Lisbon. While human occupation of the castle hill dates to at least the 8th century B.C., the oldest fortifications on the site date from the 2nd century B.C. The hill on which Saint George's Castle stands has played an important part in the history of Lisbon, having served as the location of fortifications occupied successively by Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, and Moors, before its conquest by the Portuguese in the 1147 Siege of Lisbon. Since the 12th century, the castle has served as a royal palace, a military barracks, and now as a national monument and museum.

The single experience that most of our students raved about was our day spent in Sintra. The town of Sintra is famous for its picturesque beauty, palaces, castles, and gardens. Because it is home to the medieval Castelo dos Mouros, the romanticist Palácio da Pena, Palácio Nacional de Sintra, the Palácio de Monserrate, and Quinta da Regaleira (literally the most beautiful place I've ever seen in my life), the entire town was made a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1995.

The day was filled with visiting the many palaces and gardens on a guided tour, the guides teaching us important Portuguese history and customs. We were again split into three different groups, but only two of the guides spoke English. Fortunately, I was able to serve as the translator for the guide who didn't speak English. I felt extremely lucky to be in that position, as our guide was limited by his ability to speak English, instead giving us intimate details about each of the palaces and castles we visited.

Our trip concluded with a drive out to Cabo da Rocha, a cape in the Sintra Mountain Range that forms the westernmost point of continental Europe. Although being that close to the ocean in the evening meant low temperatures and very high winds, the students all had their cameras out to capture some truly magnificent photos.

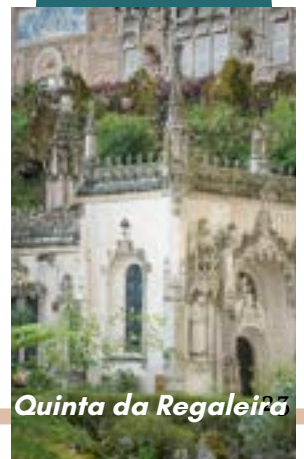
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Our week immersing ourselves in Portuguese culture was far too short. Although we enjoyed many of the most iconic experiences Portugal has to offer, we all left wanting more. Portugal is a special country that would require much more than a week or even two years to appreciate truly. But I believe our group returned home with a unique experience and sincere appreciation for the country and its unique culture. Many of our students expressed a desire to return with family and friends. Two of them even visited cities their ancestors were from.

Since visiting Portugal, I have explored Fulbright opportunities and spoken with numerous groups about my experiences there. My experiences with cultural immersion trips have been entirely rewarding and uplifting.

While I look forward to visiting other parts of the world, I wouldn't hesitate to return and lead a cultural immersion trip to Portugal every year... se Deus quiser.

-Hayden Coombs,
Portugal



*-Dane Steele,
Peru*





-Dane Steele,
Peru



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